

PETER SCHUYLER'S MANDATE

Head of the Bi-Centennial of the City of Albany, July 22, 1866.

By WILLIAM H. MCLEOD.

One fatal day, a people dear to God,
Strong in His strength in the house of bondage, seeing,
The sea had burst their valiant city's bonds;
The tree-born son rose up on either hand
And made a pathway to the Promised Land!

But when along that wondrous, wave-washed path
The tyrant passed, the fugitives pursued,
And the world heard that valiant army march,
The tree-born son rose up on either hand
And made a pathway to the Promised Land!

And so time's flood to form, this instrument,
Beheld what troops of men were striving—
O'er the world's waste, Red Sea to wan,
What is precious in our past surviving,
All vanquished; the sons' emperors droop.

Like Pharaoh's host—they shall not get across!

IL.

As the minister bends over his lyre,
And sinks it with fingers that falter,

Alas! that the organ shall be worthy the altar,
When the Judge's end that still

Some note has the author's consciousness

Shall be lost in the hills;

Like the scent of the Beaufort roses—

Let a voice—let a shape in the air—

What gush with a taste for the misery,

In the joy of this pageant to share,

Comes back of the organ—very f

Has left the Desolate mountain,

Where the Masses lie nestled in shade,

That is bound in the heart's mountain?

To the side of the sea of the woes,

At the source of a flood of laces,

O! a wonderful way it can boast,

Its wailings louder, heavier, graver;

The last, the last from the soul;

While its coat is so virily red

It would do for the genus of passion!

With a bow that is gracious and low,

With smile that is gentle and glances,

With eye that is steady and slow,

And the master, though shorn the whisk

Falls, comes to the piano,

With too many colors for fashion

While its coat is so virily red

It would do for the genus of passion!

From that distant, insipid coast—

He had said that the organ was mortal—

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